

Maid, Wife or Widow?



By MRS. ALEXANDER.

CHAPTER III.

Continued.

"And there was a pause, the young lady composedly tracing the leaves of a rose, part of which already glowed on the silken screen she was working, while Steinhausen raked his brain for some fresh topic by means of which he might relieve his curiosity and ingratiate himself.

She was dreadfully provoking; and the irresistible, amused smile which crept over her lips as the silence continued seemed as if she was aware of his difficulties.

"The gnadiges Fraulein is a lover of the dumb creature she cares for so kindly," he said, at length.

"I could not resist watching you this evening as you stood in the Hof von der and fed your pigeons."

"You did?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"I trust I may be forgiven, Gnädige Frau—Fraulein or Frau?" he asked, insinuatingly.

"Whichever you like," she returned, unmoved.

"But, pardon me, I should like to give you your proper title."

"It is of no consequence," she said, slowly, as she threaded her needle.

"Your accuracy or your error are alike to me, while to-morrow you will ride away, and the memory of your passing curiosity will have faded before you reach your next quarters."

Without raising her eyes she worked steadily on.

"But I shall not ride away to-morrow, nor perhaps the day after," cried Steinhausen, impetuously; "and if my memory is to retain nothing of the interesting hours I have spent under your hospitable roof, do you imply that yours will be more enduring?"

"Much more," said Lies, pausing as she drew out a long thread.

"I shall always retain a most vivid recollection of your visit, and those of your fellow-soldiers who preceded you."

She spoke emphatically, looking up straight into his eyes with an effort to be grave, while a slight but mischievous smile would steal into the dimples of her cheek.

"I understand, Fraulein," replied Steinhausen, charmed, yet surprised and nettled by the spirit with which she answered.

He desisted, so sentimental women, yet replied self-assertion, with the consistency common to men in other countries besides Germany.

"A painful impression is not so easily shaken off."

No reply.

"I mean, gnädige Frau, that the mortification of receiving Prussian soldiers leaves its mark."

"But may I not urge, that, being by the accident of birth and circumstances one of these unfortunates, could I, with any sense of honor, decline to serve my king, my government?"

"And, being ordered here, am I to blame for forcing myself upon your reluctant hospitality?"

He spoke in a wounded tone.

"It is true," said Lies, gravely.

"Perhaps I am unjust."

"But, Herr Rittmeister, imagine your sisters, your wife, your mother, forced to receive Saxon soldiers, as we are to receive yours."

"No stretch of my imagination could depict such a state of things," he returned, with a light laugh, which brought the quick, eloquent blood to Lies's cheek.

"But if such an event could happen, and I had mother, sister, or wife, which I have not, they would, I am sure, be less unkind, less cruel than you are."

"Cruel! Pooh! That is a large word for a little fruitless, worldly animosity."

"There is animosity, then? You allow it?"

"How could it be otherwise?" cried Lies, throwing down her work, "when your unnecessary ambition has caused the sorrow and impoverishment of a whole people, the suffering of those dearer to us than our own lives, the loss of all that makes life worth living."

She stopped for a moment and covered her face with her hands.

"You make me wish myself a Saxon," said Steinhausen, in low tones, which showed he was deeply moved.

"Ah! if you were," cried Lies, removing her hands and looking at him with a sudden, strange impulse.

"And if I were? What then?" he asked, drawing nearer.

"Saxony would have one more brave, capable soldier, no doubt, Herr Rittmeister," she replied quietly.

Steinhausen rose and walked toward the veranda.

Through the open door he saw the smart little "Dienstmadchen," Daisy, setting out a table for the benefit of his brother officers.

Clarence had vanished.

On looking back he was alarmed to see his fair antagonist folding up her work as if to retire.

"We have infringed the rule you so forcibly laid down at supper, mein Fraulein," he said.

"Politics and religion should never be discussed in mixed society, and small as it is, ours is a very mixed society, nicht wahr?"

not—must not—speak; it is quite forbidden!"

She spoke with much agitation, and letting her work case fall, stooped to pick up the contents.

"I dare not infringe your order, gnädige Frau," said Steinhausen, with profound respect, while he built up a little mental historie of an unhappy marriage, a separation, a possible divorce, and deriving an odd sort of satisfaction from the idea.

"Your words suggest strange, painful ideas. Prussian foe though I be, and rugged, perhaps, by nature, there is something in your voice, your eyes, your whole being, that touches a rarely awakened cord of feeling in my innermost soul, that compels me with a force I cannot resist."

"Herr Rittmeister," said the cheer, kindly voice of the Gerichtsamtman, "I am but this moment free; will you not join your comrades and myself on the veranda?"

"Let us do our best to heal old wounds and drink to the prosperity of the great 'Deutscher Vaterland.'"

He waved his hand toward Burchard and Von Plantz, who might be seen very comfortably seated by the table above mentioned.

"Well said, my good sir," returned the Rittmeister, heartily; "yours is true patriotism."

He looked at Lies as he spoke; she courted slightly and walked toward the door.

Steinhausen moved quickly and opened it for her, and while the active little magistrate was occupied in turning down the lamp, whispered:

"May I never hope to have the mystery which interests, distracts me, solved?"

"Perhaps," was the reply, with a sweet smile and downcast eyes.

"Some day—when I am presented at Berlin," and she passed away down the corridor.

"Does the Herr Rittmeister play whist?" asked Herr Ghering, who had rummaged out and was dexterously shuffling a pack of cards.

"Yes, it is a good game," he replied, mechanically, while he repeated to himself: "Berlin! then probably the husband is Prussian? That may account for her hatred of us. But no, he has a Saxon uniform."

CHAPTER IV.

Long and profound repose effected little toward blunting the keen edge of the Rittmeister's curiosity and interest.

After the first moments of waking, with their puzzled wonder as to where he was and how he got there, he sprang up, alert, and eager to get through his duties and resume his investigations.

The rigid and punctual Karl presented himself with an unmistakable expression of importance on his wooden face, but Steinhausen nearly finished dressing in silence.

At last, after some trivial question, he found an opportunity of displaying his zeal and intelligence.

"Himmel! Herr Rittmeister. Folks here are short-spoken and gruff; they have no manners at all. So soon as the gnädige Herr had to supper gone I went to the kitchen, and says I to the cook:

"You have a good, kindly Herrschaffen here, and a beautiful house, and excellent eating. It is heavenly to bide here after the hardships yonder."

"I thought it best to speak the 'alte Hexe' fair"—here he delivered such a rusty witticism (if such an expression be permitted) at his master that Steinhausen thought he would never recover 'eyes right' again.

"With that, Frau Kochin gave a sort of a grunt and says:

"That I believe; and I wish our own poor fellows were having the good of it instead of you."

"Well," began Steinhausen, intending to stop the flow of his eloquence; but it was not every day that the string of Karl's tongue was loosed, and, besides, he thought his master was only eager for more information.

"Mit Erlaubnis, Herr Rittmeister," he went on.

"I then said how 'schon' the young Frauleins were, and asked if the eldest was not married, but not a word did she answer—no more than if she were stone deaf—just looking as sour and yellow as the 'Gurken' she was laying in a dish.

"Presently she dropped a big spoon, so with much politeness I picked it up for her; then she did grunt out 'Danke!'

"I says 'Bitte sehr,' and thinking I had made her a trifle more friendly, asked very pleasantly:

"What did you say the young lady's husband's name was? thinking to lead her on; but no! she turned round sharp, quite vicious like, as if she would spit at me; and says she:

"I never said nothing about it! What is it to you or your master either who she is or how she is called? She wouldn't take any notice of a Prussian were he even a prince in your greedy country."

"And with that she hit me a rap on the side of the head with the very spoon I had picked up for the old Hexe, and what more could—"

"True, true," cried Steinhausen, laughing. "I think you have acted with amazing tact; but Karl—"

"Ay, Herr Rittmeister—I can—"

"You can do nothing more, Schatzkopf," said his master, impatiently.

"I did not care for further information; let the matter drop."

"After all, it is nothing to us who and what these Saxon churls are."

"But, Herr Rittmeister—"

"Silence! My sword, and then bring me coffee!"

Sorely disappointed at the result of his severe and unwanted mental exertion, Karl, after a moment's hesitation, disappeared.

Some totally new spring of feeling made the idea of a common man's coarse inquiries concerning Lies insupportable to Steinhausen.

There was something indescribable about this Saxon girl or woman, the sort of magic

"Which warns the touch while winning the sense.

Nor charms us least when it most repels."

However, Steinhausen was no boy yielding to the force of a first passion; he was quite capable of putting aside the sudden potent whim which had seized him, and throwing himself heartily into his morning task of inspection, the ordinary duty of regimental parade, as if no such fascinating creature existed.

But these duties over, he galloped back to the villa, on fire with impatience to renew the conversation of the previous night, which had possessed such a tantalizing charm, and in which he flattered himself he had after all, made not so bad an impression on his sweet antagonist.

He stopped, after dismounting, to permit the well-trained Karl to brush the dust of his early demerch from his garments and permit his junior officers to join him.

They found "Fruhstuck" laid in the veranda.

The meal, which corresponds with our luncheon, was plentifully set forth—cold partridge, rabbit omelette, coffee and some long-necked, tempting bottles; beside the table sat Frau Ghering knitting, and at the farthest end of the veranda stood Clarence, playing "cup and ball" with much dexterity.

A quiet "good-day" from the lady of the house, profound bows from the Prussian officers, and the latter seated themselves at table, while Clarence came forward with shy pleasure, yet visible reluctance, the result of mingled joy in the unusual excitement of such visitors, and patriotic resentment at having to entertain them.

After the kindly old German fashion, she assisted Daisy to wait upon the guests, and even forgot herself so far as to make sprightly rejoinders to the young Fahrnick and Burchard.

But there was no sign of Lies.

Indeed, Burchard had asked Frau Ghering politely for her "Fraulein Tochter," and was answered that she was "quite well, but always busy."

At last, the excessive demands of the Fahrnick upon the sugar basin exhausted the supply, seeing which Frau Ghering told Clarence to fetch some more.

"I will go to Lies for the key-basket," she replied, and peeping into the salon, exclaimed:

"Ah! she is there; Lies, Lies!"

Whereupon Steinhausen's eyes were at last rejoiced and satisfied by the object they longed for.

As she stepped into the veranda in answer to her sister's call, the Rittmeister's doubts as to her being married or single became almost certainty.

She looked so deliciously matronly in a black and white morning wrapper, and a small, delicately white muslin cap, with black ribbons, a lace cravat tied around her neck, and fastened with a miniature brooch, the miniature of that commonplace-looking fellow whose portrait disgraced the Rittmeister's room.

The guests rose and greeted her with deferential bows, which she accepted with a pretty, gentle staidness that went well with her air and costume; but Steinhausen noticed, as she turned to speak to her mother, that on one side of her cap was pinned a small green and white rosette.

"A piece of solid defiance," thought Steinhausen, but he only uttered a polite "good morning," and drew forward a chair near to his own.

She acknowledged his civility with a slight courtesy, and selecting a bunch of keys from the numbers in her basket, gave them to her sister, who disappeared with an air of great importance.

"May I offer the 'gnädige Frau' some coffee?" asked Lieutenant Burchard.

Frau Ghering looked up quickly at the speaker.

"I thank you," returned Lies, "I breakfasted an hour ago. I hope you have all you require, gentlemen."

"All that we require, certainly, and more than we deserve," said the Rittmeister, smiling.

"Will you not give us the pleasure of your company at the table?"

To be continued.

St. Paul's Island Park.

Dr. Justus Ohage became, a few years ago, health officer of St. Paul. He noticed a bit of shoal in the Mississippi, visible only when the river was low, but accessible within ten minutes' ride from the City Hall. Securing possession, by gift, of as much as he could, and by purchase of what he could not beg, he had the city's clean waste dumped upon this little island, thus rapidly bringing it above high-water mark. On the four and a half acres thus ingeniously wrested from the "Father of the Waters," the city of St. Paul now maintains, within easy reach of a majority of its population, a children's playground, a small "Zoo," a vegetable garden (to support the forty uniformed attendants), public baths, with modern sterilizing plants for the bathing suits, a day nursery, a boy's gymnasium and a girl's gymnasium—all united by a small but satisfactory park—"The World's Work."

A New Sunshine Recorder.

The new Dawson-Lauder sunshine recorder consists of a drum on which silver chloride paper is fastened under a film of celluloid, says the London Globe. An outer cover is rotated by clockwork in twenty-four hours, and a narrow slit is thus directed to the sun. A hood protects the slit from diffused light, and allows an error of about half an hour in the clock before sunlight is cut off from the slit. The drum with the sensitive paper travels along the axis of the cylinder, so that the record of a number of days is obtained, one below the other. The chloride of silver paper makes possible a standard of intensity of sunshine which can be reproduced. The same size of paper is employed at all seasons, and the instrument can be used in polar as well as temperate latitudes.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

Ginger Bread.

Cream one cup of butter with one cup of brown sugar, add four well-beaten eggs, one cup of sour cream and one cup of molasses. Stir well and add one level teaspoon of soda dissolved in another of hot water; then stir in four cups of flour sifted with half a level teaspoon of salt and a level tablespoon of yellow ginger. Bake in one large sheet.

Delicate Cabbage.

Remove all defective leaves, quarter and cut as for coarse slaw, cover well with cold water and let remain several hours before cooking, then drain and put into pot with enough boiling water to cover; boil until thoroughly cooked (which will generally require about forty-five minutes). Add salt ten or fifteen minutes before removing from fire, and when done, take up into a colander, press out the water well and season with butter and pepper, or with a cream dressing poured over it.

Tomato Jelly Salad.

Take the contents of a quart can of prime tomatoes and add one small sliced onion, six cloves (if preferred, the cloves can be omitted), one-half a cupful of finely chopped celery, and boil for half an hour; then strain, season to taste with salt and a dash of paprika, and then add one-third of a box of gelatine dissolved in a little of the boiling liquid; pour into small cups (after dinner cups are a good size), and set away to cool. When ready to use turn out of the cups on a bed of lettuce leaves and serve with thick mayonnaise poured over it.

Lady-Fingers.

Beat together until very light ten eggs and one pound of powdered sugar. Sift and stir in slowly a pound and an eighth of flour, with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Then, with a funnel of strong brown paper, lay the mixture out upon paper lined (but not greased) in strips three inches long and half an inch thick; sprinkle with granulated sugar and bake a light brown in a quick oven. When cool, brush over the under side of the paper with water, remove the cakes and join them in pairs, back to back. Serve with ice cream, or other ices.

Egplantine.

Heat to boiling point three pints of clear white stock (veal or chicken), season with a teaspoonful and a half of salt, four shakes of white pepper and a tablespoonful each of powdered cinnamon and nutmeg. Add spinach extract to tint to a rich green, and serve on shallow plates with snowball garnish. To make the last named, beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, add a cupful of whipped cream, a pinch of salt, and half a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Shape into balls with two dessert spoons and place gently on each portion of soup, which must be boiling hot.

Cream of Carrot.

Use the red or outer part of the carrot cut in slices or cubes and cook until tender. Press through a sieve and add two cups of the puree add two cups of stock and season with salt and pepper, a little onion juice, and heat together. Now add hot thin cream enough to thicken it, using about two cups, or use milk and thicken with a level tablespoon of flour rubbed smooth with two level tablespoons of butter. Cook five minutes and serve. The carrot must be very fine after rubbing through the wire strainer of fine mesh, otherwise the soup will not be as delicate.

HOVSEHOLD HINTS

If pies stew in the oven put a tin plate under them, thus keeping the oven clean.

Save your feet by using a pad to stand on while working; also keep a footstool handy.

A lamp wick will give a brighter, stronger flame if the end in the oil is frayed out for an inch.

If you have some tins to mend and have no acid handy, use vinegar instead; it will work all right.

When rugs show a decided tendency to curl at the corners, sew an L shaped piece of buckram to the under side.

One who has tried it says scraped raw potato will relieve ear sickness. It is also a satisfactory remedy for burns.

Unused table linen should be washed at least once a year, thoroughly dried and refolded to prevent yellowing and rotting where the folds are.

A hand plate of glass rather than brass on doors finished in white enamel will preserve the white effect and protect the finish equally well.

If tincture of iodine is instantly applied where carbolic acid has touched the flesh, no blister will result. The iodine should be applied with a feather.

Be content with honest toil. The man who is continually playing the get-rich-quick schemes may have a full pocketbook to-day, but it will be gone to-morrow.

Plainly colored toilet soaps are apt to be purest, and like laundry soap, it is advantageous to buy in quantity to make sure it is absolutely cured before using.

What a difference there is in women about doing housework! Some go about it so quietly and make every move count. Others—well, they don't. That's the difference.

To bleach handkerchiefs: After washing, let them soak over night in water in which a bit of cream of tartar has been dissolved. This will make them as white as snow.

The galvanized iron tubs can be cleaned by scrubbing with wet vinegar and soda, allowing the mixture to remain on for a time, then wash in hot strong soap suds and wipe dry.

Where knobs from coffee pot, tea kettle and lids have fallen off, a substitute saving many a burn is easily put in place by a large or medium sized cork on top into which a slender screw is driven from below.

The Sunday Breakfast Table

"When Christ Was Here."

BY RACHEL B. RAY.

"When Christ was here," Has He gone away?

Is that the cause of the gloomy day And the bitter night with pain and grief From which the world finds no relief?

"When Christ was here," That God would leave our Saviour go And leave His children so shut in By a high wall of real sin?

"When Christ was here," Oh, can it be That He walks no more on Galilee? My saddened heart sends the refrain, "When, oh when, will He come again?" —Ray's Horn.

Divine Yearning For Human Fellowship.

Behold I stand at the door and knock— Rev. Mr. T.

This thought was borne in with overpowering emphasis while standing before Holman Hunt's famous painting, "The Light of the World," in Keeble College, Oxford. The holder of the secret, the presumption, of the conception is startling, but the more it is pondered the clearer does it become that it expresses the very heart of religion.

If the Bible and religious experience mean anything, the secret is this: That God yearns to enter into human life. The very idea of the Bible is that it is a revelation from God. Being a revelation He must have taken the secret to Himself, and only mean that He desired to communicate with man. And since the message is one of hope and cheer it can only mean a desire for human fellowship. We commonly think of religion as the yearning of man for God and the yearning of God for man. "Deep calleth unto deep." But in the final analysis the divine yearning is the deeper and is the source of the other, just as the sun is the source of the rivers that flow toward it.

"We love Him because He first loved us." And no real explanation of religion can be found which omits this deepest of all religious facts.

Our difficulty in appropriating this truth is due to pagan misconceptions of God, which still survive in Christian thought. Why should it be strange, after all, that the loving Father should desire to have fellowship with His children? Fellowship does not necessarily mean the equal exchange of being with being. The mother has sweet, satisfying fellowship with the child, while the child's yearning and care is a smile or a tear or a babe's caress. But you say she looks forward to the time when, having developed, heart and mind shall answer to heart and mind.

And so children grow up in part and loving only in part—yet children on the way to manhood and womanhood? "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we shall be like Him."

The secret of the divine yearning is that the world has been enriched beyond measure. The explanation of the nobility of the preaching of human life is that God has given to the world a new element which has made for high achievement. We might enlarge the roll call of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews even down to the present time, and the refrain would be the same: "By faith we have obtained what we desire."

The man gave up his life for the world, and he was not content with that. He had him entirely in its power, and with one tightening of its body crushed the life out of its victim.

This illustrates the drink habit as well as anything I ever heard of. So I would say to you that have never started, don't begin, and to those that have begun, stop before it is too late.—Frank C. Cooper, in Mich. Christian Advocate.

The Cure by Hypnotism.

That alcoholism in Russia is widely treated with success by hypnotism is asserted by the writer of a note in Cosmo.

The method has been adopted in Government institutions, and is believed to be the most reliable of the Russians to this mode of treatment is largely responsible for its good effects. Says the writer:

The cure of alcoholism by means of hypnotism is the order of the day. Recently Dr. Legrain communicated to the Society of Hypnology and Psychology some very interesting information regarding the treatment of alcoholics by hypnotism in Russia.

The only condition he lays down for entrance is that we shall open the door. He says: "Only acquiescent hospitality, willingness that He should enter. He does not say, 'Purify your heart and I will come in,' but 'Let Me come in and I will purify your heart.' The sunshine banishes the darkness and the darkness cannot pass. And one of the ends of prayer and meditation is that the soul may be attuned to receive the messages of love, life and light that flash from the heart of God. Jesus knows all that we are and what we let Him in."

R. P. Johnson, Minister Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York City, in New York Herald.

What to Read.

I counsel you to read books which need thought, which demand close attention. Read fiction, but let it come as the pastry does, after a solid foundation of meat.

And among such books let there be the greatest book of the world, the masterpiece of literature, the inspired of the greatest minds.—W. G. Harder.

It Will Avail.

Come what may to the dearest ones we have on earth, God and His upholding grace will be there, and He cares for them more than even we can. An earnest commendation to His love will avail them more than all our fretting.—H. L. S. Lear.

Start the Day Right.

Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning—aye, two minutes, if it is face to face and heart to heart—will change the whole day, make every thought and feeling different, will enable us to do for His sake what we would not have done for our own, or for any one's sake.—Henry Drummond.

Work From Within.

Carve the face from within, not dress it from without. Within lies the robing room, the sculptor's workshop. For whoever would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul; to face catches the glow only from that side.—W. C. Gannett.

Man Wrestled With Panther.

Mr. Charles Brown, who has bagged a dozen tigers and elephants, had a remarkable escape from a panther near his estate at Bangalore the other day. He was attacked by the animal, and, after a struggle, he was killed.

A Queen Theory.

Edward Beckham, an educated New York City longshoreman, has a theory that a man is a plant upside down, with his roots at the top of his head, and his beard grow and live bareheaded out of doors he can defy consumption.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The Saloon is the Antechamber of the Workhouse, Chapel of Ease to the Asylum, Recruiting Station to the Hospital.

Mr. John Burns, M. P., addressed a large meeting in Manchester last night on "The Saloon and Drink."

Mr. Burns said that the drinking habits of the poorer classes had contributed to their physical dependence on industrial progress, civic inferiority and domestic misery. As one-bred almost in the slums, who had watched the matter as a county councillor and a legislator, he was convinced on the subject. He described the public house as the antechamber of the workhouse, the chapel of ease to the asylum, the recruiting station to the hospital, the rendezvous for the gambler, the gathering ground for the jail. There was no compensation in drink.

Dealing with the figures of the money spent in drink, while deploring the immense amount spent in every kind of family, he answered a recent critic by pointing out that two-thirds of the drink bill was spent by three-quarters of the population, and only half the amount per head was taken by the working classes. It was taken by the classes above them. But whether the expenditure was £4 per family or £15 per family, working people could not afford it. As to drink and trade, he said that the average man spent 2s. to 2s. 6d. per family per week if they would take bread from abroad. Why not save 5s. per week by leaving off beer? Our expenditure handicapped us in the trade battle with Germany and America because our larger consumption prevented us from spending as much money per head in other directions, and especially on education.

He concluded a vigorous tirade against drink